Earth, Blood, Musk

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by jonnimir

Summary

Kinktober Day 25: Olfactophilia (Scent).

When they have difficulty making their relationship physical, Will suggests they take a more animalistic approach: rather than going through a slow process of courtship, he wants Hannibal to track him, catch him, and claim him.

Notes

So I shamelessly used this prompt as an excuse to do the primal play concept that had been floating around my head for a while, but the scent kink is still in there, I promise!

See the end of the work for more notes

Their first kiss turned out to be a greater challenge than expected.

It took them long enough to get there in the first place. Not until after their injuries healed enough that they were no longer in immediate danger, and their flight from law enforcement became less desperate and urgent, winding them both up with tension—Will knowing that he was only under this particular stress because he had chosen to run with Hannibal, and Hannibal too conscious of the fact that whatever ceasefire they had reached was painfully fragile. And though he sensed a certain tenderness from Will that made him suspect he would be amenable to such things eventually, Hannibal didn't want their first kiss to be rushed in their current territory of dingy motels and parking lots.

Once they were settled into a disused house for the immediate future—some hunting cabin, out of season—it was easier to find an appropriate moment. He could put some effort into acquiring better food and wine, and they had a decent amount of leisure time while planning their next step. And Will was in a better mood here, surrounded by wilderness. Hannibal could see the way he paused appreciatively to take in the smell of pine and moss. The days became less tense, and the ceasefire seemed to be holding.

But in the wake of a dinner, lovely though the night had been—hard edges worn down by a couple glasses of wine, but not so many as to inebriate them—when Will and Hannibal had nudged against each other while clearing the table, and their eyes had met, lingered, fallen to each other's lips… Hannibal thought it would be the perfect moment. But when he leaned in and touched Will's face tenderly, brushing the wiry scar on his right cheek, Will had flinched away. Sharply enough to give Hannibal pause, memories rising of times when they had been far less gentle with each other. Memories of one night in particular that carried with it all the bright stinging of a more recently laid wound. Will hadn't had to say another word or make any further motion to discourage him—Hannibal knew well enough after that. It was not the right moment, and he worried from the intensity of his rejection that they might have more problems ahead of them than he had anticipated.

He hadn't tried to initiate again. They slept in the same bed, because that was what was available, and it was no big deal after weeks of shady motels with creaky beds and despicably stained sheets. Will, for his part, remained purposefully locked into his side of the bed. But every night Hannibal closed his eyes and inhaled, and the air was thick with Will's scent. It was something he could hold onto, nearly enough to placate the part of him that felt starved by the distance of even a couple feet between them.

His scent wasn't anything that would be particularly noteworthy to another person, he knew—Will wasn't a field of wildflowers, after all. But it was all divine to Hannibal, whether his particular musk, or even the occasional unctuous scent that he could romanticize as being akin to costus root, and by extension sandalwood and iris, but was in reality simply the smell of his scalp's natural oils accumulating between washes. He could easily detect the change in Will's scent depending on what he fed him, the added piquancy of garlic or spices becoming noticeable the next day. His sweat brought out the evidence of their cohabitation, the meals provided and shared. It was a marked change from the salt-heavy, bland diet that Will had consumed when they first met, the diet of someone alone, depressed, and not inclined to take

good care of himself. Indirect though that particular influence was, Hannibal had left this mark on him.

Much though he treasured these glimpses, he longed for more. He wanted to absorb the taste of Will's saliva, the sharper notes of sweat in the crevices of his body. He wanted, so badly that he felt somewhat unhinged, to smell Will's groin and the scent of his release. The vivid thought of his seed landing on Hannibal's tongue, blessing him with a bloom of saline taste and odor, was enough to make him need to take a deep breath, clear his mind, ease away the ache that arose. Unless it was reciprocated, he refused to become aroused when sharing a bed with Will, no matter how challenging that proved to be.

It took a while after the failed attempt, but Hannibal's reluctance to initiate must have been clear to Will—and Will must have been brimming with his own frustrations. Because it was a morning that seemed unremarkable in any other way, with Hannibal risen slightly earlier and preparing a disgraceful pre-ground substance that claimed to be coffee, that Will appeared at his side and touched his arm.

Hannibal turned to see him, and Will had so much tension in his brow, as if something pained him, some hard-to-place ache. And his eyes crossed over Hannibal's face, fretful, before he leaned in and placed a kiss on Hannibal's lips. Hannibal, who stood entirely shocked, frozen, until Will had peeled away with a beautiful blush risen to his face.

"I thought…" Will mumbled, eyes falling downward. Uncertain, perhaps ashamed.

"You were correct in reading my desire." At the cautious, hopeful eyes that rose to just about meet his own: "You simply caught me by surprise. It was an unexpected moment for you to make such a move, after a long while during which you gave no indication of such interest."

Will half-shrugged. "It had never felt right. I knew I had to do something to fix this, and jumping right in seemed like one way to approach it."

"And your conclusion?"

He shook his head slowly, huffed in frustration. "No. It's still awkward, and forcing it isn't going to help anything. I guess…"

Hannibal gave him a moment, but when Will seemed unable to bring words forth, he said gently, "I understand we have a past that in many ways holds sway over the present. We are both marked by it, in ways both visible and invisible. Trauma—"

"It's not trauma," Will snarled. He looked about ready to bite Hannibal if he didn't back off, and the sight of him bearing such ferocity made Hannibal soften, fondness rather than aggression rising up in response. He watched the muscles in Will's face stiffen and ease before Will said, "You look like a lovesick puppy." Then he turned away, quickly finding a mug and pouring the bitter concoction into it.

Hannibal watched him take a hasty sip and wince at the heat.

"Part of that phrase might not be incorrect," he said quietly.

Will grunted, eyes fixed on his coffee. “Weirdest damn puppy I’ve ever seen.”

“Is it so hard to imagine I’m in love?”

Will took another determined sip of the brew, though Hannibal knew it must be scalding hot. He pursed his lips, still pointedly staring at his cup. “Are you?”

Hannibal sighed. He didn’t like having to bare so much of himself when Will was still shielded from him, but he realized they would make no progress if they were equally reticent to communicate. “It’s difficult to reduce all the facets of an emotion into a single word, and when it comes to you there are many emotions involved—some of which I am unused to navigating. ‘Love’ might come close to one, however. And whatever it is, it is certainly an affliction.”

“One you’d like to be rid of?”

He hesitated for a beat, but said, “No. It is an affliction precisely because I cannot find the desire to be rid of it, no matter the pain and inconvenience it may cause.”

Will let out a long exhale. “Guess I can relate to that.” He drummed his fingers on the ceramic mug for a while, then suddenly announced, “It wasn’t because of trauma.”

“You said as much.”

He huffed again. “Yeah, but more specifically. That whole romantic dinner and a kiss afterward thing. That was date night with Molly. We’re not… *that*. Whatever we are. That was a whole other thing that I don’t want to think about when I’m with you.”

He met Hannibal’s eyes, for once. And must have seen the restless thing thrashing inside Hannibal, for he said, “You have no reason to be jealous. I promise. I chose you.”

That was somewhat successful in soothing Hannibal, but not entirely. “She still had you in ways I have not had the honor of.”

Will bit his lip, looking like he was having his own internal war. But instead of letting it out, he sighed and put more distance between them, edging toward the door. “I’m trying to figure it out. I’m not saying no, I just…” He shook his head. “I’m going to take a shower.”

He took his coffee with him, and Hannibal sighed again, weary. Now that he was alone, he traced his lips with his tongue, and tasted the barest hint of Will lingering there—a terribly small tease. It seemed what Will truly required was patience, and that was something that he was growing unfortunately short on.

But Hannibal continued to be as patient as he was able, while Will remained evasive. Their brief kiss and stilted conversation seemed to merely provoke more awkwardness from Will, while Hannibal found himself overly preoccupied with the memory of his lips. He found his dedication to avoiding arousal while sharing a bed was tested. But he breathed through it, silently counting into the hundreds in languages he rarely spoke, willing himself to rest.

It seemed inevitable, when both of them were burying tension, that they would reach a breaking point over something that shouldn't have been a big deal at all. But Hannibal's patience wore thin, and Will was stubbornly defensive, and a minor, pointless argument became particularly heated.

Eventually Will stormed off, shrugging a jacket over his shoulders and slamming the door on his way out. Hannibal took a deep breath, reining in his temper. He peered out the window, but didn't see him.

It took him about five minutes to realize no matter how thoroughly he tried to distract himself from the argument, he wouldn't succeed. Will had wormed himself deeply into his psyche, and the unresolved split was too aggravating to ignore.

He took his own coat from the rack and went outside. He could smell the faint trace of Will in the air—his sweat, bearing a faint hint of whiskey today, and the woodsmoke that had sunken into the fibers of his jacket. It swept toward him on the breeze, and he began to follow it. His nose was an uncommon advantage. If he could pick up on the indistinct scent of cancer buried beneath healthy skin and clothes and perfume, he could pick up on the scent of a man he knew so intimately, even hidden in the middle of the woods.

He kept an eye open for prints as well, but the ground was hard from the cold; spring had not yet thawed it. He found only the smallest hints—broken twigs, shuffled leaves—but along with his nose, it was enough. He soon saw Will's form shuffling through the trees, and he had a moment of uncertainty. This was Will's terrain, and he didn't want him to lash out from feeling cornered. On the other hand, he was far too tired of these games.

He cleared his throat, and Will froze. He turned slowly, and bared his teeth. Hannibal wasn't surprised.

"How did you find me so quickly?"

"I tracked you."

Will stared at the ground, his invisible tracks behind him, and gestured vaguely. "Not the best conditions. Gotta admit, I'm impressed."

"Admittedly, it was mostly by scent."

Will blinked, then sighed, looking off to the side. "Of course you would. Like an animal." But he looked thoughtful, not angry.

"We are all animals, in the end."

"Some of us more than others." Will shook his head slightly. "I get lost in your more esoteric aspects sometimes. You were so detached from the grit of your own crimes—polished, clean, professional. I always had a vision of you moving bodies like you were an artist, pinning them like butterfly wings for your tableau. Pulling strings from a distance, with humans dangling on the end. I used to think of you as so… other. Like some fallen angel."

“And has your vision of me changed?”

Will stayed silent for the span of a breath. “It has.”

He didn’t offer more.

“How do you think of me now, Will? What visions move behind your eyelids?”

He took a step toward Will, who edged just slightly back, eyes fixed on Hannibal’s feet. “A predator. Bound in chains because of necessity—the burden of forensics, the mental drive to assert yourself intellectually as well as physically. Zipped up, claws trimmed. But not anymore. Now…”

Hannibal took another step, entranced by the way Will’s body responded in small shifts—tightened shoulders and a tucked jaw, backing away from the predator he described.

“Now I am no longer bound?” Hannibal suggested quietly.

Will smiled quietly. “Now I’ve seen how you are when you don’t have such restraints. The Dragon…” His breath caught.

Hannibal took another step, and this time Will didn’t retreat. He raised his eyes slowly, cautiously, until they met Hannibal’s.

“The night we killed the Dragon,” Will started again, “I saw you how you were when you had no pretenses remaining. Nothing hidden behind poeticisms or puppeteering. You tore his throat out with your teeth, like a wolf. And I cut him open at the same time, and there was nothing human guiding my hand then, either, it was all more primal than that. As if we were…”

His breathing was unsteady now, but he wasn’t moving to pull away.

“What did you see in us that night?”

He swallowed, audibly. “We were predators. And you were something more like a mate than a man.”

He took a moment to process this, considering any alternate implications. “A mate who you do not deign to touch.”

Will flushed. “I want to,” he said quietly. “At least I can admit that much now. But not like we’ve been trying. Not with the façade of a normal courtship as our guide. ”

“If not the usual practices of courtship, what do you expect?”

Will hesitated, and Hannibal couldn’t resist moving further toward him, but at the one yard mark Will snarled, lip lifting sharply to reveal the shine of his teeth. Hannibal stopped. He saw a particular beauty in the feral aspect of the gesture. And he tilted his head thoughtfully.

“You spoke of wolves and mates. Is that what you’re hinting at? Something less guided by structure than by instinct? Something more animal?”

Will blinked as if disoriented. “What I feel for you isn’t soft. It goes beyond the human, beyond romantic connotations. So yeah, I want to follow those instincts instead of trying to navigate arbitrary social rituals and dancing around the truth of our relationship.”

“What do you suggest?” Hannibal was very purposeful when he took his next step, and Will’s next snarl made him smile. “You’re acting as if you expect me to pounce and take you now. Is that what you want?”

A sharp intake of breath, and Will froze, eyes wide.

He hummed thoughtfully, examining his expression. “Yes. I think you do. You want to bypass more innocent gestures altogether I think, at least at first. Do you have some desire for us to fight it out in a more primal way, to have my teeth against your neck, drawing your submission? Do you want me to mount you and claim you like an animal?”

Hannibal could practically see the shiver that went through him, and it was only a moment before a new scent entered the air. Together with the image he had conjured, it was nearly enough to make Hannibal salivate.

“I can smell arousal too, Will. I won’t judge you for your desires; you can be honest with me.”

Will huffed—annoyed, or uncomfortable. “No point trying to hide anything from you, is there? Not when you can sniff out the truth one way or another.”

Hannibal inclined his head in acknowledgment, as well as expectation. Will swallowed and nodded briefly, finally answering the question. “Yeah. Sounds about right. Is that… something you’d be interested in?”

“I’m very amenable to unconventional approaches,” Hannibal replied. He was conscious of the break in Will’s breathing. “Do you have something specific in mind? Tell me what you want so there can be no misunderstandings.”

Will visibly flushed. “This isn’t exactly easy to discuss. Unfamiliar terrain for us.”

“You don’t have to say anything if you're disinclined to do so—but if you don’t, you won’t get what you want. I recommend you speak.”

Will nodded, but didn’t quite meet his eyes this time. “You tracked me already, so I know you can do it, and I know you’re a hunter at heart. So I want you to track me down and catch me. Do just what you said. Wrestle me down, and…” He drew a very shaky breath, and his voice was unsteady when he resumed. “Wrestle me down and claim me. Fuck me and make me yours. Because we both know I am in every other way.”

It was only with great self-restraint that Hannibal managed to stop himself from acting on that desire in that very moment, bewitched by the power of this image.

It was even harder to restrain his arousal when Will added quietly, as if ashamed (or perhaps merely cautious about the implications, given their history): “I want it to be rough.”

Hannibal watched him for a moment, remaining externally passive yet cataloging the alarming increase of his heart rate, the heat of his skin, the animal woven into his sinew that wanted to put that to the test and *bite* and *take*. He focused on steadying his breath, then asked, “Is there some level of masochism at play?”

Will shook his head, though slowly. “I don’t care about it being painful. I just want it to be visceral. I want to feel how much you desire me, with no regard for niceties restraining you.”

“And how would you respond to my desire, in this fantasy? Would you fight back, or would you be eager to give yourself to me once captured?”

A bit of a smile finally crept onto Will’s face. “I’d make you earn it. Unless you’d say no to a few bites and bruises.”

“I wouldn’t mind that at all. Especially if it’s to earn me such a prize.” When Will’s tongue peeked out to wet his lips, Hannibal had to sternly remind himself that his impulses were inappropriate to follow when they had so much left to negotiate. “What kind of boundaries would you like to set?”

Will shrugged. “Boundaries don’t seem to work very well for us. Just try not to cause any lasting damage, and I'll do the same. No weapons beside hands and teeth.”

“And the act itself? That kind of chase doesn’t lend itself well to adequate preparation. Do you have experience being penetrated? Unconventional is one thing, but I don’t want your first time to be unpleasant.”

“I’ve had some experience with toys. And I could prepare ahead of time. And you could carry a bit of extra lube in your pocket or something.”

“And what about condoms?”

Will sucked his bottom lip between his teeth and bit hard enough it turned ruby when he released it. He shook his head. “I want to feel you raw. And I want you to leave your mark inside me.”

The thought of entering Will bare and not leaving until he had staked his claim was beyond compelling—he had to wrestle with the beast those words unleashed inside him. “You’ve given this quite a bit of thought.”

“I hadn't quite settled on the specifics, because I wasn’t sure you’d agree to it. But yes, I’ve been thinking a lot lately.” He hesitated a moment. “If I want you to stop, I’ll say “stop” outright. If I don’t, I don’t want you to stop, no matter how rough it gets.”

“A very specific request. Do you find the illusion of powerlessness to be stimulating?”

Will quirked his lips, but shook his head. “No psychoanalyzing this. Do you want to do it or not?”

“I would be delighted, my dear. Shall we make our plans now?”

They ended up deciding to delay the chase by a few days. Warmer weather would be helpful, and Hannibal needed the extra assurance that Will was certain this was the right way to go about it. But, stubborn as the man was, Hannibal was unsurprised to find his position didn’t change.

It started one morning at Will’s discretion. Hannibal woke to the smell of precum, and rose to find Will had left him a note with a damp smear on it. They hadn’t discussed that detail. Hannibal could imagine with crystal clarity how Will, left leaking from the process of working himself open, had thought to leave this intimate calling card for him. It was at once playful and incensing—and Hannibal had his nose against the paper, breathing in every molecule, before he’d even taken the time to read the message.

Better find me quick. Don’t want anyone else to catch my scent and get to me first.

Hannibal’s rational brain told him there was no one else for miles, and even if there was, they would be unlikely to be able to track Will, let alone have any interest in this kind of chase.

His more primitive brain, however, reacted just as Will must have hoped. Possessiveness flared blindingly bright in his chest—the thought that someone else might try to take what was his was enough to fill him with rage, the threat of a growl in his throat. He needed to have Will and lay his claim, to mark him with his scent and seed, he needed to taste this fluid from its source.

He was out the door with no hesitation, other than to ensure he was wearing appropriate clothing, as Will would be: nothing fussier than an undershirt, sweatpants, and running shoes. Easy access while still protecting them from the worst of the scratches and scrapes from the underbrush.

He caught Will’s scent on the wind almost immediately. Just molecules, volatile compounds floating through the air, and yet he could picture him so clearly—lingering arousal, nervous excitement making him sweat. He followed.

Will hadn’t made it easy for him. If he had been expecting a merely symbolic hunt, he would’ve been sorely mistaken, because Will was hiding out somewhere quite far into the woods. But there was a tease. A fleck of saliva on the ground, a trace of his sweat on a tree trunk that he must have leaned against. He paused to sniff up close: the cold sharpness of pine sap meeting the warmth of Will's skin. He had the sense Will was enjoying laying a trail and knowing Hannibal would be increasingly worked up during the pursuit.

He reached a place in the woods where the trail became confused. Fresh, enough that he knew Will was very close, but circular. At first he thought it was meant to put him off the

trail, obscuring a divergence from the pattern somewhere. Then, as he heard branches cracking above him, he realized it was a diversion.

Will dropped onto his back from above, knocking him to the ground. His arms broke his fall, but he heard a twig snap and his left palm stung, and the iron-rich aroma of blood reached his nostrils. He snarled and bucked, rolling until Will was under his back. Will got an arm around his neck. Hannibal was able to break free of his grasp, but as soon as he did, Will slipped away and dashed into the woods.

Hannibal's heart was pounding furiously as he set after him with the scent of his own blood in the air. Will's brief ambush had been effective, turning him from an eager pursuant to something more wild, something that needed to bear him to the ground and sink its teeth in deep.

Will was quick and agile, but this was not the first time Hannibal had chased his quarry through the woods. He had the benefit of experience and a slightly longer stride, and when he got close enough he lunged, hoping to take Will down as he had been taken down, face-first. Easier to overpower him.

But Will must have realized his intention, because he turned on his heel quite suddenly, and they clashed together front to front. Will still fell backward with a heavy grunt, but he was able to hook his leg under Hannibal's and flip him. Then he sank his teeth into Hannibal's shoulder.

Hannibal gasped at the sudden pain, but it wasn't unpleasant—there was an unexpected satisfaction in having Will lay his claim this way, raw and primal. But he nevertheless bit back, hard enough to elicit a growl, and took advantage of the position to cup Will's behind, squeezing the flesh he intended to claim.

Will made a small noise and his jaw loosened enough that Hannibal could yank him back by his hair and roll him over, setting his teeth at his throat with a growl. Will moaned, and Hannibal dragged his fingers down his sides and slid them under Will's thin undershirt to feel the expanse of his skin, touching the tips against his nipples and feeling the eager arch of his body underneath Hannibal's. But this was not a time for slow exploration. He needed something more from Will at the moment—they both did.

He lowered Will's pants, but his curiosity got the best of him. Pulling back to see what he'd uncovered, he ended up with a kick to his chest and Will twisting to get his feet under him, trying to clamber up and away.

Hannibal growled and grabbed Will's ankles, dragging him back down to the forest floor. "Not now, you wild creature."

He trapped Will's legs between his own and lay on his back as he struggled. He pressed one hand between their bodies and found where his hole was slick and ready. He must have been exceptionally generous with the lube, anticipating a long pursuit—Hannibal doubted he would need the small tube he had stashed in his pocket. It was somehow thrilling to find how welcoming Will had made his own body, just for Hannibal, just so he could slide in without prologue.

He kept a hand on Will's nape, pressing him down as he drew himself to hardness against the small of his back, rutting through thin layers of clothing. Then he pulled down his own pants, just low enough to free his cock, and lowered his hips. Rather than guiding himself carefully inside, he parted Will's cheeks and sought his hole blindly with small thrusts, like an animal, until he caught upon it. Then his fingers curled into Will's flesh, and he pushed in with a grunt of satisfaction.

Will let out a sharp cry, fading into a moan as Hannibal delved into him. The muscles of his back and shoulder were still rigid, but his next move was not escape. Instead, he thrust back against Hannibal, taking him in too quickly to be truly comfortable. But he just moaned and his arms shook slightly as he braced himself, and Hannibal hooked an arm around his neck to steady him. He bit at his ear and buried his nose in Will's curls, gone wild with the scuffle and bearing the scent of dead leaves and clay-rich earth from his fall. And still the trace of sandalwood, iris root, as if Will was some fae creature risen from these woods.

A firm thrust of his hips made Will gasp something that might have been a curse, but still he pushed back, eager for their hips to collide. Hannibal was just as eager, and quickly broke into a rhythm that pounded into Will, slapping flesh against flesh and turning their breath heavy and punctuated by gasps and grunts. Will felt so good, still wonderfully tight without being unbearable, perfectly prepared for him. His scent rose into the air with an acrid tinge from the rush of adrenaline, yet softened and rendered rich by arousal. It mingled with Hannibal's, and they were surrounded by the fusion of their bodies' scents—sweat, saliva, the musk of their dripping genitals, the leaf-laden forest floor onto which they had fallen. It delighted him, satisfied him in a peculiar way. He wanted little more than this, than the beautiful sounds and smells and sensations.

Though there was one more thing. Reaching forward, he grasped Will's chin and pulled it sideways, placing those rosy lips within range of his own. Will's eyes fluttered, and then Hannibal was claiming his mouth, too, finally with as much passion and force as he desired.

He drove into Will from behind, pushing the most unearthly sweet and heady sounds from his mouth, catching them in his own, swallowing his desire. He kept Will's chin in a vicelike grip, not allowing him to pull away from being thoroughly ravaged. He could finally taste every part of his mouth, finally bite those lips red, finally take hold of his body and enjoy every twitch and moan.

And Will bit back, fierce, digging a drop of blood out of Hannibal's lip that he sucked down like ambrosia. Hannibal dove back into Will's mouth to chase the taste of blood mingling with Will's saliva; in response, Will bit his tongue, sucked at it, made Hannibal gasp at the aggressively intimate sensation. When Will released him, he pulled back to latch his mouth onto the nape of his neck. With the force of his teeth and his cock, he drove Will against the ground hard enough that he whined. It must have hurt, but Will made no attempt to say the syllables that would have halted him, made no attempt to pull away again. He yielded to Hannibal, and when Hannibal relaxed his bite, copper in his mouth, and looked at Will, he saw pleasure as potent as pain on his face. It seemed the roughness did please this animal part of him.

Hannibal broadened his stance and lifted Will’s hips up to meet his, using the extra leverage to go deeper and harder. Will keened and his nails scratched into the ground, blackening with dirt. The mineral odor rose into the air, doing nothing to lessen Hannibal’s arousal. It gave him the salient impression of rutting in some primordial landscape, one in which mating was as much about survival as desire.

He found himself chanting, in whispers and growls again Will's skin, without rhyme or reason, “Mine, mine.” And Will responded, choked: “Yours, yours.”

It was almost too much. The desperate sounds, the smells—sweat, earth, blood, musk—the sensation of flesh against flesh, the heat, the burn of exertion, the sweet spiraling ecstasy. When he smelled the sharp scent of Will’s release join the fray, in tangent with his sweet cry, it took him over. He grasped Will tightly as he plunged into him, holding him securely in place as he filled him, not letting any drop spill loose.

They were both panting as they sank down against the ground, Hannibal softening and slipping out of him. He reached between them to catch the warm rivulet of cum where it appeared, and dragged the trace of it up Will’s back, smearing him with his scent. Will’s skin radiated heat, an aura around them, and Hannibal inhaled at his neck and licked it, finding it salty with sweat. Will was shaking slightly, the aftereffects of the adrenaline coursing through his system, and Hannibal nuzzled against him, both soothing him and indulging in the point of contact. He kissed Will’s cheek, rough with stubble, and was thrilled to find the gesture accepted with nothing but a pleased sigh.

Unconventional though it had been, this seemed to do the trick.

End Notes

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